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ORIGINAL TALES.

QUITE A PRETTY PROPERTY.

BY HENRY STANHOPE LEE.

CHAPTER VI.

In which Henry consorts with brokers and dabbles in stocks.

"You can't avoid making your fortune, sir. The thing is impossible. The stock can't stop short of five hundred dollars a share. It has gone up to two hundred and fifty dollars, within a fortnight, from sixty dollars—and I know of operations that cannot fail to carry it up one or two hundred more within a week."

The speaker was one of the craft of brokers—a member of the board, and, *ex officio*, a man of exceeding honesty and veracity. The scene was in Harry's office; the time was in that summer of wild and reckless speculation, which sowed the seeds for a magnificent harvest of ruin. Henry was dangling one leg listlessly over the arm of his rocking-chair, and an aromatic cloud from the Virginia weed encircled his brow.

"No, my good fellow, I shall not touch the stock. I am minus a cool ten thousand for some 'well-timbered and well-watered land in Maine'—that had not a tree to an acre, nor a stream large enough to float a leaf. No more speculation for me, if you please."

"But, Mr. Singleton, here is an opportunity to retrieve your loss, and to add a ten thousand to your property in less than thirty days. It can't fail. There's no mistake about it."

There is nothing that takes the ear of a gambler like a project to redeem his losses. Harry hated cards, and detested gamblers; but, like all the world at the period in question, he looked upon traffic in the fancies as a fair business transaction.

"No, no, Mr. Hardeye; there is too much hazard—and too little profit. And yet it is mightily inconvenient for me to be cut off from the income of my ten thousand dollars. If I thought—but—what do you say the shares are worth?"

"Why they were sold yesterday as high as two hundred and fifty dollars; but I have got a lot of two hundred shares to sell for a gentleman who wants to raise the money—and if you will take the lot, and say nothing about it, you shall have them for two hundred and forty dollars: there's two thousand dollars made without getting out of your chair."

"Only forty-eight thousand dollars—that just sweeps all my present property, and a little more."

"O, well, there would be no difficulty in arranging that. Pay seventy-five per cent cash, and the rest on time. I can manage that for you. Mr. Singleton, there is not another man in the city that I would do this for—because I am sure that I could get two hundred and fifty for every share of them—selling them in small lots. But I am anxious to close the transaction to-day."

"Mr. Hardeye, this is a little too much to risk in one enterprise."

"If you are willing to work along for twenty years filing writs, you can do it, you know. But, Mr. Singleton, no man ever made a fortune in the law; and there is an individual in the street, who has made within the last ten days one hundred thousand dollars, at the least calculation, in this same Canton stock. You can get through the whole of it in thirty days and come out with your property double. There is no doubt of it—I pledge you my honour."

Harry was not sufficiently acquainted with the character of the pledge to reflect about it. It is highly probable that he thought the honour of a broker as sufficient as that of any other man. The effect of percentages in stimulating human credulity, he had never duly estimated. Besides, Mr. Hardeye was so kind, and so gentlemanly, and so disinterested! He had always been in the habit of loaning to Harry such little sums as he might desire, and never charged more than one and a half per cent a month—though every copper of the loans cost him, upon his veracity, two per cent. This Harry could not forget. He knew that Mr. Hardeye had a high regard for him, and was only anxious to give him a chance to make his fortune.

"Think a moment, Mr. Singleton. There is no chance of the stock's going down. You can buy—and if you only make ten thousand dollars on the lot, it will be a very good week's work, and cover your losses in Maine. If you find it shaking, and become alarmed, you can sell out; but I give you my honour there is not one chance in a thousand that this will be the case. You're a lucky fellow—a very lucky fellow. All you've got to do is to sit in your office and let me do your work, and in thirty days your property is doubled—that is, in all human probability."

Harry faltered. His money was in bank stocks.

"That is very fortunate, Mr. Singleton. Bank stocks are all above par, and I can realize for the whole of them in half an hour. I've no doubt that my friend would take them in exchange at the current rates—and run the risk of raising his money on them."

"Well, Mr. Hardeye, it does seem to be poor business—this filling writs at five dollars apiece, when there are such splendid chances of realizing a fortune in the turn of a die. I'll go in. I can't lose much, as you say, and if the tide turns, why then sell out every stiver of the stock, and let me pocket the first loss. I am determined to run no risk."

"I should not advise you to, Mr. Singleton. The best way is to keep your eyes about you, and go on prudently—but it is a very paltry prudence, Mr. Singleton, that prevents us from plucking at fortune, when it is within our grasp."

Harry felt as if he had multiplied all his dollars by two. "Twice forty thousand," thought he, "is eighty thousand; and on the interest of eighty thousand I can be married, and go to Europe. Living is very cheap at Florence—and even in Paris we could cut a very decent figure. And all this is on the supposition that I get but six per cent."

"Were you ever at Florence, Mr. Hardeye."

"Why, do you want a lot there, Mr. Singleton? It is, without exception, *the* most flourishing city in the whole west. Here's a map of it"—spreading a huge lithograph, squared and lotted, and covered with streets and wharves. Harry did not interrupt him.

"There it is, Mr. Singleton. Natural advantages monstrous. It can't fail to command the commerce of all the lakes—has a hundred thousand tons of shipping, and one thousand five hundred inhabitants on the tenth of last month—doubled by this time, no doubt."

Mr. Hardeye paused to take breath; then wiping his spectacles, and taking pencil and paper, he resumed. "I'll wait a few minutes for you to look over it at your leisure. In the first place, it is to be the terminus of no less than four railroads, which, by means of their connexion with canals and navigable streams, command a communication of more than fifteen thousand miles—taking in all the extent of all the rivers. The trade of all this vast and fertile tract of country must centre at Florence—then, by its immense shipping and magnificent harbour, it will monopolize the commerce of the lakes—command the St. Lawrence, and through that, in all human probability, the trade of the known world. There is no doubt about it. It will kill Buffalo dead, sir, in less than a twelve month, sir," said Mr. Hardeye, removing his spectacles, and giving them an emphatic rap on the table, which took out one of the glasses. "A slight accident—no sort of consequence—when I get upon Florence I am always carried away by my enthusiasm. It's perfectly miraculous, sir, the fortunes that have been made in that city. You may set down the population at three thousand; from the immense tide of emigration that is pouring in like a flood, from all quarters, (these are the very words of my correspondent, sir,) the number of inhabitants will probably double every six weeks. The fecundity of the inhabitants is marvellous, sir—miraculous, I may say, without the fear of contradiction."

Harry was too much astonished to interfere. The Florence of Italy quite vanished—and the dream of Miss Million and a palace in the queen of cities was lost in the contemplation of her sister of the new world.

"Real estate, Mr. Singleton, stands at an enormous advance. You cannot buy the water-lots, if you were to cover them with guineas. They are not to be had. The house-lots that were bought two years ago for one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre, are now selling at the same per foot—and it is expected that prices will keep pace with the population, and in less than two months there is no doubt under heaven that those lots will bring two dollars and fifty cents a foot, every inch of them."

"Well, Mr. Hardeye, now that I am in for it, suppose you put me down for a dozen lots in Florence—say numbering from one hundred to one hundred and twelve."

"You have hit them precisely, Mr. Singleton—the best lots in the city—and you shall have them at the lowest going rates—only fifty per cent advance on the prices of the last purchaser—one half to be paid in sixty days, and the other to remain on mortgage of one and two years."

"That's it, Mr. Hardeye, and by the time of the first payment, I shall be able to realize enough from the profits of my Canton to meet it."

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Singleton. You can salt this down or your children, Mr. Singleton, and have all you're now worth put snugly back into six per cents before thirty days are over your head. I'll go and arrange the papers at once."

Harry lit another cigar. He hummed an air. He became contemplative. "Eighty thousand dollars at ten per cent will give me eight thousand per annum. Money is worth twelve or twenty now on the best security. But I'll be moderate, and content myself with ten. We can live on eight thousand, if we are prudent and moderate. And then our children all provided for in lots salted down at Florence. I'll propose at once—be married at once—and sail for the Continent forthwith."

CHAPTER VII.

Quite an interview and almost a scene.

No one, who lived with his eyes about him in those famous years of inflation and infatuation, the memorable 1835 and 1836, can fail to anticipate the early catastrophe that awaited the "quite pretty property" of our hero. On the income of his *chateaux en Espagne*, his stock in the Canton Co. and his lots at Florence, Harry Singleton set up an equipage, and drove his span of beautiful bays directly through the heart of Mrs. Million. He was shortly affianced to the daughter.

Harry's case was that of a thousand others. In the space of some three months—for the work of ruin was rapid in those days—Harry found that he had been duped, swindled, and stripped. His prospective income had vanished. The brokers had made ducks and drakes of his very "pretty property." His Canton scrip had shrivelled like the leaf of a sensitive plant; and his well-wooded and well-watered lots at Florence proved to be better watered than wooded, having been submerged since the days of the deluge.

Here was a pretty situation for a young man of pretty property! But he neither committed suicide nor went to Texas. The shock found him unprepared, but its very suddenness and severity armed him with the strength to bear it.

Mamma was, of course, moved by prudential considerations. The wedding-day had been fixed. Mrs. Million entertained doubts and scruples, and was afraid to commit the happiness of her daughter to a gentleman of such habits——of unsuccessful speculation!

I have not much faith in heroines, particularly in heroines of fashion. Harry had learned to entertain as little. His plans of future life were uncertain; but he soon determined to gather the wrecks of his fortunes, strike out into the West, and throw himself upon the talents and energies with which nature had endowed him, and which a pretty property had impaired, without destroying.

"Miss Million," said Harry, as he commenced a somewhat disagreeable, but necessary, communication—

"And why *Miss* Million?" replied the blushing and lovely girl, the tear starting to her eye as she spoke, and a smile answering the appeal from her lip, as if startled by its not ungentle rebuke.

"You know, Mary, by this time—or the world has been more considerate than usual—that I am no longer in the condition which once authorized me to address you, and which would have justified even greater prudence than yours in receiving my attentions."

The coolness of her lover's manner, his quiet self-control and possession, subdued any rising agitation in his mistress, and, without a pause, she took up the conversation. "The world, Harry, has been as little considerate as usual. I have learned of your reverse of fortune, and, for your sake only, I regret it."

"You must be aware that it will occasion an entire change in my plan and prospects of life. You it will remove from the circle of which you are so brilliant an ornament, and condemn to seclusion, at least, if not to poverty."

"If I had ever talked to you, Harry, of jointure or settlement, or given you reason to suspect that it was your fortune, and not yourself that I accepted in marriage, the change in your position might have wrought a change in our relations."

"It was my duty, my dear girl, to tell you a disagreeable truth. It is my lot to begin the world again: it should certainly be your privilege, and I beg you to use it freely, to decide if you will be my companion on another voyage than that for which we started. A word—Mary—hear me out, and then reflect before you answer. When you first pledged yourself to me, ease and competence, at least, were before you, with a moderate enjoyment of the pleasures of society and city life. The prospect is all changed—nay, my dear girl, be silent yet a moment! In a few weeks I must be beyond the mountains, to seek, in a younger and more liberal soil, the fortune that I cannot hope to find in this. My profession—too much neglected; and my books—too little read; must be my only companions and support—till labour, and saving frugality, shall have retrieved, in many years, the fortune that a few weeks have squandered."

"I was to have been the partner of your affluence, Harry; and not my hand only, but my faith and my affection were yours. We have been both so long loitering in the sunshine of fashionable folly, that we have been almost dazzled by its glare. I am glad that you are roused to better things; and, as I would have shared your wealth, I will as willingly share your seclusion and your toil."

This was kind, frank, and generous. Harry felt it to be so. In my original memoranda for this finale, I find an infusion of heroics, with a *quantum suf.* of "pressing to the heart," "blushing cheeks," "dewed lashes," and "kisses." This may all have been as it is there written. I incline to believe that it was; but, though these matters are all very pleasant in real life, they do not look well on paper.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HARVEST STANZAS.

The harvest! the harvest! how fair on each plain
It waves in its golden luxuriance of grain;
The wealth of a nation is spread on the ground,
And the year, with its joyful abundance, is crown'd;
The barley is ripening on upland and lea,
And the oat-locks are drooping, all graceful to see,
Like the long yellow hair of a beautiful maid,
Where it waves in the breezes unloosed from the braid.

The harvest! the harvest! how brightly the sun
Looks down on the prospect—its toils are begun,
And the wheat-sheaves so thick in the valleys are piled,
That the land in its glorious profusion has smiled;
The reaper has shouted the furrows among—
In the midst of his labour he breaks into song—
And the gleaners laugh gaily, forgetful of care,
In the glee of their hearts, as they gather their share.

The harvest! the harvest! once more we behold
Fairy plenty array'd in its livery of gold;
We are spared to exult in its bounties again:
A year hath been granted, and shall we remain
Forgetful of Him who hath lengthened our days?
Great God of the harvest, to thee be the praise!
Thou hast prosper'd our toils, and hast given the increase,
And establish'd the land in abundance and peace.

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

There was an old man living in the centre of a forest, with his grandson, whom he had taken when quite an infant. The child had no parents, brothers, or sisters; they had all been destroyed by six large giants, and he had been informed that he had no other relative living besides his grandfather. The band to whom he belonged had put up their children on a wager in a race against those of the giants, and had thus lost them. There was an old tradition in the band, that it would produce a great a man, who would wear a white feather, and who would astonish every one with his skill and feats of bravery.

The grandfather, as soon as the child could play about, gave him a bow and arrows to amuse himself. He went into the edge of the woods one day, and saw a rabbit; but, not knowing what it was, he ran home and described it to his grandfather. He told him what it was, that its flesh was good to eat, and that, if he would shoot one of his arrows into its body, he would kill it. He did so, and brought the little animal home, which he asked his grandfather to boil, that they might feast on it. He humoured the boy in this, and encouraged him to go on in acquiring the knowledge of hunting, until he could kill deer and larger animals; and he became, as he grew up, an expert hunter. As they lived alone, and away from other Indians, his curiosity was excited to know what was passing in the world. One day he came to the edge of a prairie, where he saw ashes like those at his grandfather's lodge, and lodge-poles left standing. He returned, and inquired whether his grandfather had put up the poles and made the fire. He was answered no, nor did he believe he had seen anything of the kind.

Another day he went out to see what there was curious; and, on entering the woods, he heard a voice calling out to him. "Come here, you destined wearer of the White Feather. You do not yet wear it, but you are worthy of it. Return home and take a short nap. You will dream of hearing a voice, which will tell you to rise and smoke. You will see in your dream a pipe, smoking-sack, and a large white feather. When you awake you will find these articles. Put the feather on your head, and you will become a great hunter, a great warriour, and a great man, capable of doing anything. As a proof that you will become a great hunter, when you smoke the smoke will turn into pigeons." The voice then informed him who he was, and disclosed the true character of his grandfather, who had imposed upon him. The voice-spirit then gave him a *vine*, and told him he was of an age to revenge the injuries of his relations. "When you meet your enemy," continued the spirit, "you will run a race with him. He will not see the vine, because it is enchanted. While you are running, you will throw it over his head and entangle him, so that you will win the race."

Long ere this speech was ended, he had turned to the quarter from which the voice proceeded, and was astonished to behold a man, for as yet he had never seen any man besides his grandfather, whose object it was to keep him in ignorance. But the circumstance that gave him the most surprise was, that this man, who had the looks of great age, was composed of *wood* from his breast downward, and appeared to be fixed in the earth.

He returned home, slept, heard the voice, awoke, and found the promised articles. His grandfather was greatly surprised to find him with a white feather on his forehead, and to see flocks of pigeons flying out of his lodge. He then recollected what had been predicted, and began to weep at the prospect of losing his charge.

Invested with these honours, the young man departed the next morning to seek his enemies, and gratify his revenge. The giants lived in a very high lodge in the middle of a wood. He travelled on till he came to this lodge, where he found that his coming had been made known by *the little spirits who carry the news*. The giants came out, and gave a cry of joy as they saw him coming. When he approached nearer, they began to make sport of him, saying, "Here comes the little man with the white feather, who is to achieve such wonders." They, however, spoke very fair to him when he came up, saying he was a brave man, and would do brave things. This they said to encourage, and the more surely to deceive him. He, however, understood their object.

He went fearlessly up to the lodge. They told him to commence the race with the smallest of their number. The point to which they were to run was a peeled tree towards the rising sun, and then back to the starting-place, which was marked by a Chaunkaphee, or war-club, made of iron. This club was the stake, and whoever won it was to use it in beating the other's brains out. If he beat the first giant, he was to try the second, and so on until they had all measured speed with him. He won the first race by a dexterous use of the vine, and immediately despatched his competitor, and cut off his head. Next morning he ran with the second giant, whom he also outran, killed, and decapitated. He proceeded in this way for five successive mornings, always conquering by the use of his vine, and cutting off the heads of the vanquished. The survivers acknowledged his power, but prepared secretly to deceive him. They wished him to leave the heads he had cut off, as they believed they could again reunite them with the bodies, by means of one of their *medicines*. White Feather insisted, however, in carrying all the heads to his grandfather. One more contest was to be tried, which would decide the victory; but, before going to the giant's lodge on the sixth morning, he met his old counsellor in the woods, who was stationary. He told him that he was about to be deceived—that he had never known any other sex but his own; but that, as he went on his way to the lodge, he would meet the most beautiful woman in the world. He must pay no attention to her, but, on meeting her, he must wish himself changed into a male elk. The transformation would take place immediately, when he must go to feeding, and not regard her.

He proceeded towards the lodge, met the female, and became an elk. She reproached him for having turned himself into an elk on seeing her; said she had travelled a great distance for the purpose of seeing him, and becoming his wife. Now this woman was the sixth giant, who had assumed this disguise; but Tau-Wau-Chee-Hezkaw remained in ignorance of it. Her reproaches and her beauty affected him so much, that he wished himself a man again, and he at once resumed his natural shape. They sat down together, and he began to caress her, and make love to her. He finally ventured to lay his head on her lap, and went to sleep. She pushed his head aside at first, for the purpose of trying if he was really asleep; and when she was satisfied he was, she took her axe and broke his back. She then assumed her natural shape, which was in the form of the sixth giant, and afterward changed him into a dog, in which degraded form he followed his enemy to the lodge.

There was an Indian village at some distance, in which there lived two girls, who were rival sisters, the daughters of a chief.—They were fasting to acquire power for the purpose of enticing the wearer of the white feather to visit their village. They each secretly hoped to engage his affections. Each one built herself a lodge at a short distance from the village. The giant, knowing this, and having now obtained the valued plume, went immediately to visit them. As he approached, the girls saw and recognised the feather. The eldest sister prepared her lodge with great care and parade, so as to attract the eye. The younger, supposing that he was a man of sense, and would not be enticed by mere parade, touched nothing in her lodge, but left it as it ordinarily was. The eldest went out to meet him, and invited him in. He accepted her invitation, and made her his wife. The younger invited the enchanted dog into her lodge, and made him a good bed, and treated him with as much attention as if he were her husband.

The giant, supposing that whoever possessed the white feather, possessed all its virtues, went out upon the prairie to hunt, but returned unsuccessful. The dog went out the same day a hunting upon the banks of a river. He drew a stone out of the water, which immediately became a beaver. The next day the giant followed the dog, and, hiding behind a tree, saw the manner in which the dog went into the river and drew out a stone, which at once turned into a beaver. As soon as the dog left the place, the giant went to the river, and observing the same manner, drew out a stone, and had the satisfaction of seeing it transformed into a beaver. Tying it to his belt, he carried it home, and, as is customary, threw it down at the door of the lodge before he entered. After being seated a short time, he told his wife to bring in his belt or hunting girdle. She did so, and returned with it, with nothing tied to it but a *stone*.

The next day, the dog, finding his method of catching beavers had been discovered, went to a wood at some distance, and broke off a charred limb from a burned tree, which instantly became a bear. The giant, who had again watched him, did the same, and carried a bear home; but his wife, when she came to go out for it, found nothing but a black stick tied to his belt.

The giant's wife determined she would go to her father, and tell him what a valuable husband she had, who furnished her lodge with abundance. She set out while her husband went to hunt. As soon as they had departed, the dog made signs to his mistress to sweat him, after the manner of the Indians. She accordingly made a lodge just large enough for him to creep in. She then put in heated stones, and poured on water. After this had been continued the usual time, he came out a very handsome young man, but had not the power of speech.

Meantime the elder daughter had reached her father's, and told him of the manner in which her sister supported a dog, treating him as her husband, and of the singular skill this animal had in hunting. The old man, suspecting there was some magic in it, sent a deputation of young men and women to ask her to come to him, and bring her dog along. When this deputation arrived, they were surprised to find, in the place of the dog, so fine a young man. They both accompanied the messengers to the father, who was no less astonished. He assembled all the old and wise men of the nation to see the exploits which, it was reported, the young man could perform. The giant was among the number. He took his pipe and filled it, and passed it to the Indians, to see if anything would happen when they smoked. It was passed around to the dog, who made a sign to hand it to the giant first, which was done, but nothing effected. He then took it himself. He made a sign to them to put the white feather upon his head. This was done, and immediately he regained his speech. He then commenced smoking, and behold! immense flocks of white and blue pigeons rushed from the smoke.

The chief demanded of him his history, which he faithfully recounted. When it was finished, the chief ordered that the giant should be transformed into a dog, and turned into the middle of the village, where the boys should pelt him to death with clubs.

The chief then ordered, on the request of the White Feather, that all the young men should employ themselves four days in making arrows. He also asked for a buffalo robe. This robe he cut into thin shreds, and sowed in the prairie. At the end of the four days he invited them to gather together all their arrows, and accompany him to a buffalo hunt. They found that these shreds of skin had grown into a very large herd of buffalo. They killed as many as they pleased, and enjoyed a grand festival, in honour of his triumph over the giants.

Having accomplished their labour, the White Feather got his wife to ask her father's permission to go with him on a visit to his grandfather. He replied to this solicitation, that a woman must follow her husband into whatever quarter of the world he may choose to go. The young man then placed the white feather in his frontlet and, taking his war-club in his hand, led the way into the forest, followed by his faithful wife.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

The familiar story of the sexton and the lady's ring is localized by Dr. Lessing at Leipzig, the heroine being the wife of Matthew Harnisch, a bookseller. Dr. Lessing is not, perhaps, aware that the same occurrence is said to have taken place at Cologne, in the year 1547. There is an account of it, said to have been written by the celebrated Oehlenschlager, of which we find the following translation in a fugitive work of past date.

Adocht, the reigning burgomaster at Cologne, on the Rhine, had buried his young and handsome wife: she had been subject to frequent fits, and never recovered from the last.

The funeral had been magnificent; and a vault in the majestic cathedral was to hold the body, which had been put by in a coffin with glass panes and iron wire on the top; and, according to the manners of the time, and the rank of the family, clad in costly robes, the head adorned with a rich garland, and the fingers with precious rings.

Peter Bold, the sexton, had locked the door and made towards home, where a scene of a very different nature awaited him: his own wife had prematurely given him a very fine boy, but he was totally unprovided with any kind of comfort requisite on such occasions: his marriage had taken place against the wish of his employers, and he had no assistance to expect from that quarter. Isaac, the Jew, came in his mind, but he would require a pledge; a pledge, murmured Bold, within himself, and why not borrow from the dead, when nothing is to be obtained from the living? I have known this self-same lady that lies now yonder; she would not have refused a poor man in the days of her bloom, and why should her manes now begrudge what will do me good, without harming any one!

Under reflections such as these, he returned to the place which he had but just left, but where he now trod in a very different mood; he had been before in his duty, and now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls, and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him when passing the altar; he had there to encounter the image of St. Peter himself, who was his own patron as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and on he went through the long choir towards the vault.

The countenance of this lovely woman had nothing to renew his terrour, and fearlessly he removed the lid and seized her hand. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! He made an effort to get loose, and left, not only his mantle, but his lantern.

Running away in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor; but, as soon as he recovered, he hastened towards the house of the senator, partly to unburden his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly incapable of returning again to make examination.

In the meantime, the lady had entirely recovered her senses: she overturned, indeed, the lantern, with the first motion of her arms, and was, therefore, for a while, in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and, by degrees, she began to recognize the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head, and the rustling thin silk in which she was dressed. Oh, agony! oh, despair! she was buried alive. She uttered a cry; but she knew too well that it would not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches! The little air-hole opened into a private part of the churchyard, which was separated from the rest by an iron-railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time.

Her dead ancestors were then to be her last companions; and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death.

Chilled with horrour, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped: the warmth which it communicated revived her a little; she recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin, and to throw herself on her knees, imploring the mercy of heaven; she then attempted to get to the door, and to move its rusty latch. But who can paint her joy when she found it open! She crept mechanically through the dark and narrow passage, and, feeling the influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thereby enabled to drag herself up stairs: here she was, however, so faint that a deadly cold seized her, and would, most likely, have made her sink down for ever, had she not, fortunately, recollected that some little wine might have been left from the last mass; she made, therefore, one effort more to reach the altar, and met with just as much as was sufficient for her exhausted frame.

No true believer had ever set the cup to his lips with more sincere devotion and gratitude towards his Creator, than she did thus administer the cheering draught to herself. Her husband and servants found her in that very act, and used such further means for her complete restoration, that a few weeks afterwards she appeared again in the same place, to stand godmother for the sexton's child."

THE LAST DAYS OF THE HONEYMOON.

BY A LADY.

It is delightful to submit implicitly to the will and dictates of a wife for the first week or so after marriage—then it has something of a charm in it, a gentle reliance that tells of love, devotion, and a great many very fine things in the catalogue of conjugal duties—but really, after one has been married almost a month, it is high time to shake it off, for then it becomes a positive calamity, and, like all other calamities, it is sure to increase.

Such were the reflections of the Honourable Henry Manners, as he sat one morning in his easy-chair, listlessly admiring his nails, in presence of his young and beautiful wife, who was quietly sipping her coffee, and looking as prettily calm and domestic as any married beauty in the British isles.

"Well, well," replied her husband, "this has been our first quarrel, and I hope it may be the last. You are a dear, good wife, Mary; and you are occasionally a little unreasonable, why——"

"Nay, Henry, it really was not I. Confess, now, were you not

a *little* morose! But come, you must put on all your smiles, for I have set apart this forenoon for our making a few more calls together."

"Calls! Mary," said her husband, starting up; "I thought they were now all over; and, in honest truth, I'm heartily sick of lack-a-daisying it, and leaving cards tacked together by silver wire; and I'm sure, my dear, we spent two mortal days in doing little else."

"Nay, love, but you know there are still the Countess of Cassoetville, Sir John and Lady Ringdove, and my old friend, Mrs. Percy."

"I have an engagement at the Carlton at one."

"Engagement! Henry. You forget it is still our honeymoon; and will be for two days yet."

"Reckoning by time, my dear," replied the other, drily; "but now having returned to town, you know——"

"Phsaw, no! you must consent this one day."

"Can't, upon my honour. Besides, I don't see any earthly occasion for it."

"To oblige me, Henry."

"I would do anything but break my word; and that you know you should not ask me to do."

"When do you return?"

"In time to dress. We go to Lord Dorrington's at seven. And now, Mary, dear, good-by," said her husband, approaching and kissing her cheek with the air of one who confers a favour.

"In time to dress," repeated his wife, after he had quitted the room; "that will be full six hours—and this is still our honeymoon!"

"How much more pleasant it is to dine thus alone than with the crowd of people we met yesterday at Lord Dorrington's," observed the Hon. Mrs. Henry Manners to her husband the following day as he sat sipping his wine. "This, Henry, is the first quiet dinner we have had together since our return to town."

"We had plenty of them at Broadland Park, my dear," replied her husband, looking contemplatively at his wine-glass.

"And were they not delightful! And then those sweet evening walks."

"Yes, and your bickerings with the gardener," suggested the other.

"Oh! that obstinate old man; what a paradise the garden might be made if he would only—"

"Nay, my dear, for heaven's sake don't renew the discussions. But how do you propose spending the evening, Mary? We shall be ennuied to death if we sit here alone."

"Henry!" said his wife reproachfully.

"Nay, love, I did not mean that I should be ennuied, but I thought perhaps *you* might."

"Fear not—here is my work-box. Do you remember the sad havoc you once made with my reels of silk?" said the lady, looking archly.

But she might as well have looked archly at the Duke of York's monument—for Manners was fast becoming weary in spite of himself.

"I promised to meet Lord Sweepstakes at Crockford's to-night," he observed musingly.

His wife was piqued—for although no nation in the world can endure ennui like the English, there is certainly none at less pains to conceal it—and Manners at length was only kept from downright petulance by the appearance of an evening paper. This he listlessly took up, and placing the lights in the most convenient way for himself—to the total disregard of his companion—began to pore over the columns in the desperate hope of finding amusement.

But it were tedious to tell how a dull evening was spent, and we fear our readers would hardly thank us for such a narration. "Suffice it to say," as the journals have it, "that Henry Manners sat it out, not, however without making the secret resolution, that so long as the gift of reason was continued to him, he would never submit to such an ordeal again."

"Did I hear you order your cab at one?" said Mrs. Manners to her husband, as he entered the breakfast parlour the following morning.

"Yes, my dear," replied the other, pouring out a cup of coffee.

"Where do you go to-day?"

"Really, my dear, that depends altogether upon circumstances."

"But, Henry, I had arranged that you and I were to accompany my sister, Lady Powderflask, to Squercini's morning concert."

"Knowing how particularly fond I am of music," replied her husband.

"Nay, but then to accompany me. You know I cannot yet be seen in public without you."

"I declare, Mary, you are as full of whims as a superannuated Lady Patroness. What earthly harm can there be in your going to a morning concert without dragging me there, when you know my detestation of all concerts, and morning concerts in particular."

"Dragging you!" cried his wife, thoroughly piqued. "I am astonished to hear you use a word like that."

"I know none more applicable," replied her husband quietly, "not content with my having remained at home all yesterday evening to oblige you."

"To oblige me!" cried the beautiful and once fascinating Mary Dudley, in unfeigned astonishment; and putting back her chair with a domestic tragedy start, "Oh! this is past all enduring—it is mere, wanton——"

"My dear Mary, let us have no 'scenes,' for heaven's sake. Just employ your excellent (bem!) judgment for one moment, and you will see that it cannot be expected that I should continue every day, hour, and minute of my existence, in attendance on my wife. Much as I love you, Mary," continued he, with his mouth full of buttered toast, "that, you know, is quite impossible."

A considerable pause succeeded, and Manners was beginning to congratulate himself upon the success of what he flattered himself was 'firmness,' when, to his utter amazement, his wife, towards whom he had not once ventured to look, now burst into a flood of tears.

Starting up, he rushed to her side, and made use of all his former terms of endearment, which were yet fresh in his memory, repeating them almost mechanically; but his wife's agitation only continued to increase, and dreading the usual finale of a fainting fit, he pulled the bell violently, and summoned her attendant, who instantly—as they always do—made matters worse, by exhibiting a little agitation of her own, out of sympathy to the "dreadful way" of her "dear mistress."

Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!

"Confound it!" cried Manners, going to the window, here is Lady Powderflask. Oh! we shall have the whole family here by-and-by."

In bounced her ladyship, who instantly enlivened the scene by a new burst of sympathy. Fragrant essences, soothing expressions on all sides, and a great deal of whispering on one, were put in requisition to restore tranquillity; and in a short time Mrs. Manners permitted herself to be led to her own room, in a state, however, of extreme "nervous agitation."

Manners was left alone. Now, to go out was impossible—it would have been barbarous to have done so—the day, as if to add to his gloom, set in dull and drizzily, and taking up the newspaper, he threw himself into his chair, and began with a melancholy interest, to read the "Coroner's Inquests."

"Ah, Manners!" cried Lord Sweepstakes, entering the room about an hour after the events abovementioned, "What, still in your dressing-gown! Why, we shall be late!"

"My dear fellow, I really cannot accompany you to-day."

"Why not; what's the matter!"

"Oh, nothing—but the fact is—you know we are old friends; you must pardon a little weakness, eh!—but the fact is, this is the last day of our 'honeymoon!'"

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

The following amusing sketch is from a recently published little work entitled, "Georgia Scenes."

The writer is on a visit to Mr. Slang, whose wife is the mother of a child about eight months old. The child in the adjoining room begins to cry in the nurse's arms. The nurse is a little "nigger," about fourteen years old:

"You Rose," said Mrs. Slang, "quiet that child." Rose walked and sung to it; but it did not hush.

"You Rose, if you do not quiet that child, I lay I make you."

"I is tried, ma'am," said Rose, "an' he wouldn't get hushed." (*Child cries louder.*)

"Fetch him here to me, you good-for-nothing huzzy you. What's the matter with him!"—reaching out her arms to receive him.

"I dun know, ma'am"

"Nhei—uhun—uho—ma'am!" (*Mocking and grinning at Rose.*)

As Rose delivered the child she gave visible signs of dodging just as the child left her arms, and that she might not be disappointed Mrs. Slang gave her a box, in which there seemed to be no anger, and which Rose received as *a matter of course*, without even changing countenance under it.

"Da den!" said Mrs. Slang, "come clong e muddy, (mother) Did nassy Yosey (Rose,) pague muddy thweety chillums!" (children)—pressing the child to her bosom, and rocking it backward and forward tenderly. "Muddins will whippy ole nassy Yosey. Ah! you old uggy Yosey," (*knocking at Rose playfully.*) "Da den; muddy did wippy bad Yosey." (*Child continues crying.*)

"Why, what upon earth ails the child! Rose, you've hurt this child, somehow or other!"

"No ma'am, cla' I d dn't—I was jis sitt'n down dar in the rock'n chair long side o' Miss Nancy's bureau, an' want doin' nothin 't all to him, jis playin' wid him, and he jis begin to cry herself, when nobody wa'nt doin' nothin' 't all to him, and nobody wa'nt in dar nuther sept jis me and him, and I was"—

"Nhu—uhing—uhing—and I expect you hit his head against the bureau."

"Let muddy see where ole bad Yosey knocky heady 'gin de bureaus. Muddy will see," taking off the child's cap, and finding nothing. (*Child* cries on.)

"Muddy's baby was hungry. Dat was what ails muddy's darling, thweety ones. Was cho hongrey an' body would gixy litty darling any sing 't all for eaty!" "No, nobody would gin tshweety ones any sings fo' eat 'tall." (*Offers nutriment to the child, who rejects it, rolls over, kicks and screams worse than ever.*)

"Hush! you little brat! I believe it's nothing in the world but crossness. Hush! (*striking it*) hush! I tell you." (*Child cries to the ne plus ultra.*)

"Why, surely a pin must stick the child. Yes, 'e bad pin did ticky chillus. Let muddy see where de uggy pin did ticky dear prettous creter—(*examining.*) Wy no, it isn't a pin. Why, what can be the matter with the child? It must have the cholic, surely. Rose, go bring me the paregoric off the mantelpiece. Yes, muddy's baby did hab e tolic. Dat is what did ail muddy's prettous darling baby. (*Pressing it to her bosom and rocking it. Child cries on.*)

Rose brought the paregoric, handed it, dodged, and got her expectations realized as before.

"Now bring me the sugar, and some water."

Rose brought them, and delivered both, without the customary reward; for, at that instant, the child, being laid perfectly still on the lap, hushed.

The paregoric was administered, and the child received it with only a whimper now and then. As soon as it received the medicine, the mother raised it up, and it began to cry.

"Why, la help my soul! what's the matter with the child! What have you done to him you little hussy!" (*rising and walking towards Rose.*)

"Cla, massis, I cint done nothin' 't all—was jis sittin' down da by Miss Nancy's bu—"

"You he, you slut, (*hitting her a passing slap.*) I know you've hurt him. Hush, my baby, (*singing the Coquette,*) don't you cry; your sweet-heart will come by'm'by; da de dum dum day, da de dum diddle dum dum day." (*Child cries on.*)

"La help my soul and body! what can be the matter with my baby!" (*tears coming into her eyes.*) "Something's the matter with it; I know it is—(*laying the child on her lap, and feeling its arms, to see if it fetched in any particular part.*) But the child cries less while she was feeling it than before.

"Yes, dat was it; wanted litty arms yubbed. Mud will yub its sweet little arms." (*Child begins crying.*)

"What on earth can make my baby cry so!" rising and walking to the window. (*Stops at the window, and the child hushes.*)

"Yes, dat was it—did want to look out e' wndys! See the petty chucdens. O-o-o-h! Look at the beauty, rooster! Yonder's old aunt Betty, pickin' up chips fo' bake bicky (biscuit) for good cillums. Good aunt betty fo' make backy fo' sweet baby's supper." (*Child begins again.*)

"Hoo-o-o! See windy!" (*Knocking at the window. Child cries.*)

"You, Rose, what have you done to this child! You little hussy you, if you don't tell me how you hurt him, I'll whip you as long as I can find you."

"Missis, I cla' I never done nothin' 't all to him. I was jis setten down da by Miss Nancy's bu'—"

"If you say '*Miss Nancy's bureau*' to me again, I'll stuff Miss Nancy's bureau down your throat, you little, lying slut. I'm just as sure you've hurt him, as if I'd seen you How did you hurt him!"

Here Rose was reduced to a *non plus;* for upon the peril of having a bureau stuffed down her throat, she dare not repeat the oft-told tale, and she knew no other. She therefore stood mute.

"Julia," said Mr Slang, "bring the child to me, and let me see if I can discover the cause of his crying."

Mr. Slang took the child and commenced a careful examination of it. He removed its cap, and beginning at the crown of its head he extended the search slowly and cautiously downward, accompanying the eye with the touch of the finger. He had not proceeded far in this way before he discovered in the right ear of the child a small feather, the cause, of course, of all its wailing. The cause removed, the child soon changed its tears to smiles, greatly to the delight of all, and to none more than to Rose.

THE WALTZING BEAR.

In the end of the year 1837, a scene took place at Czerny, in Bohemia, which might be remembered with advantage at this particular period in Britain, where there is a growing passion for the exhibition of wild beasts on public stages. A Bohemian manager of a theatre having heard of the immense success attending representations where real dogs, elephants, monkeys, etc. were introduced, bethought himself of trying to turn a bear to account in his own dramatic temple. Accordingly, he got his literary assistant to compose a little melodrame, in which all was made subservient to the operations of a trained bear, which the manager had got hold of. The plot ran thus:—A dethroned king having fled to the mountains, fell in with a bear that had been wounded by the hunters. Androcles-like, the monarch relieved the bear of its pain, and thus acquired its warmest gratitude. The feats of agility performed by the bear, several dances by him and by savages, or rather peasants, with a due allowance of thunder and particoloured flames, formed the leading attractions of the piece. It was beyond measure successful. Everybody admired the docility of Bruin, his agility in climbing, and his grace in a closing waltz with a young peasant-girl. After a run of several nights, however, the bear seemed on one evening disinclined to his work. The *star* of the night—Ursa Major—appeared to withdraw its light. But, by dint of energetic remonstrances at the side-scenes, he was got to move on till the appointed time for the waltz. He stood up with his fair partner, and began to advance and retreat very elegantly. The audience were in raptures. They stood up on the seats to see more perfectly. All at once a shriek burst from the stage. All who were upon it fled, and the first to be off was the partner of the bear. The spectators were not alarmed at first at this, thinking it a part of the usual performance; but they speedily saw their error when the bear turned round and moved forward to the front of the stage, with the *muzzle*, which formed the wonted protection against his freaks, hanging loose from his neck! Off went the musicians in one instant, and off the shrieking audience tried to go also. The crush was terrible. Many were trampled down and seriously hurt. At length all the lower part of the theatre was cleared without any injury being inflicted by Bruin, who continued, meanwhile, to the unspeakable horrour of those who were hindmost in the crush, to cross from the stage to the pit-benches. There he lay quietly down to sleep, and there he was quietly muzzled, some time afterwards, by his keepers.

On account of the alarm and confusion received on this occasion, the authorities interfered, and the great bear never starred it again in the theatre of Czerny.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

GOOD COUNCILS WRITTEN IN THE AGONIES OF DEATH.

Flee from the crowd, and be to virtue true,
Content with what thou hast, though it be small;
To hoard brings hate; nor lofty things pursue:
He who climbs high, endangers many a fall.
Envy's a shade that ever waits on fame,
And oft the sun that raises it, will hide;
Trace not in life a vast expansive scheme,
But be thy wishes to thy state allied.
Be mild to others, to thyself severe—
So truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.

Think not of bending all things to thy will,
Nor vainly hope that fortune shall be friend;
Inconstant she; but be thou constant still,
Whate'er betide, unto an honest end.
Yet needless dangers never madly brave,
Kick not thy naked foot against a nail;
Or from experience the solution crave,
If *well* and *pitcher* strive which shall prevail.
Be in thy cause as in thy neighbour's clear—
So truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.

Whatever happens, happy in thy mind
Be thou; nor at thy lot in life repine;
He 'scapes all ill whose bosom is resign'd,
Nor way nor weather shall be always fine.
Beside, thy *home's* not here; a journey this,
A pilgrim thou: then hie thee on thy way,
Look up to God, intent on heavenly bliss,
Take what the road affords, and praises pay.
Shun brutal lusts, and seek the soul's high sphere—
So truth shall shield thee, or from hurt or fear.

Conversation.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last, to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable; this conversation is cruel, and the comparison, which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours, is excruciating.

Imaginary evils.—Imaginary evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Religion.—The celebrated Lord Burleigh is recorded to have said, "Never trust anybody not of sound religion, for he that is false to God can never be true to man."

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE FALLS OF LODORE.

How does the water come down from Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting and strong;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among:
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
In turmoil delighting,
Confounding, astounding,
Drizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And hopping and dropping,
And working and jerking,
And gurgling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and crinkling and twinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
Grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
Clattering and battering and shattering;
And gleaming and streaming and skimming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and spraying and playing,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and bumping and flumping and jumping,
And thrashing and clashing and flashing and splashing,
And so never ending,
But always descending
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er,
With a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down from Lodore.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

THE CHARTISTS.

Politics—Whigs and Tories—National Convention—Russia—United States—Victoria.

DEAR ——. Politics, I know, are not much to your taste, but still, intimately connected as are the United States and England, perhaps a slight sketch of affairs as they appear to an—I will not venture to say unprejudiced, but perhaps not very prejudiced—observer, may not be altogether uninteresting.

I will not trouble you with the nightly wranglings and disputes of whigs and tories, nor with the circuitous proceedings and manœuvres of the "in-the-House" Radicals who keep "on the fence" and jump down occasionally, first on the one side, and then on the other, as best suits their purposes. The latter are powerless in themselves; but the two great parties being pretty nearly balanced, they obtain a factitious importance by being able, on many questions, by throwing their weight into either scale, to make the other kick the beam.

But, perhaps, the time is coming when both whigs and tories will have to bury their feuds in oblivion, and join heart and hand like the Orsini and the Colonna in opposition to the new power that is springing up. Not that I hold this comparison exactly a fair one, for the whigs and tories never were, indeed never had an opportunity of being to England what the Orsini and Colonna were to Rome, though, perhaps, the mob may chance to turn out more fickle, unreasonable, and unruly than Rienzi's mob, and without a Rienzi to direct and guide them. This new ultra-ultra-radical body is known by the name of "Chartists," and the fact cannot be concealed that they have increased with extreme rapidity. They are of all shades of opinion, and numbers have no opinion at all further than a vehement desire to overturn established institutions, and begin the world afresh. Many of them are Owenites, Socialists, or whatever they may please to style themselves—that mild apostle of mischief, Mr. Robert Owen, and his disciples, having been very busily engaged of late in making proselytes, have succeeded more than might have been expected, among a people making pretensions to common-sense and rationality. And the worst of it is, the proselytes have not any of the mildness about them of their head teacher, but are altogether a ferocious set of fellows. They have learned enough of the jargon of the sect to call all laws "statecraft," and all religion "priestcraft," and to think themselves infallible in their own opinions; but, then, they care very little for Mr. O.'s "moral" views, or reasons, or abstract speculations. "Hurra for Physical Force," is their motto; and they look upon a home-thrust from a pike as a most unanswerable argument. As a *destructive* power they are formidable from their numbers and ignorance; as a *constructive* power, useless. If they, by sheer brute force, were to succeed in destroying all existing laws to-morrow, baptizing in blood, at the same time, the abortions of their own fancy and caprice, those abortions would not, could not, endure a month. Republicanism, with them, is only a slight, a very slight step towards their ultimate views, which contemplate nothing short of the complete destruction of all existing social institutions. Their cry is "war to the knife" against property; and not only landed and entailed property, but property in whatsoever way acquired. Should a mechanic by frugality and industry accumulate a little money, and by skill and enterprise increase it so as to be able to do without working himself, and employ others to work, he then becomes a "bloated capitalist," a sort of human vampire, who lives upon the life-blood, in other words, the labour, of his fellow-creatures. If, added to the sin of not working, the man drives a gig, or keeps a carriage, the measure of his enormities is full. Indeed, the hatred they bear towards merchants, manufacturers, and what they call the "shopocracy," appears to be of a more intense character than that towards the aristocracy. They have no notion of "head-work:" it is too insolent and aristocratic. They would have every man literally live by the labour of his own hands and the sweat of his brow. "Have not we to do it," they argue, "why not every one?" It requires no ghost to tell us, that were such a state of things to prevail, barbarism, and then probably despotism, would be the consequence.

I have said more about those people than I would otherwise have done, because they are much noticed by the English press, and greatly over-rated or under-rated as may suit the bias of particular papers. One party would wish you to believe that they include all the working-men of England in their body; the other, that they consisted of merely a few visionaries and desperate fanatics. That they are pretty numerous may be inferred from the fact of their having got up a petition, with a tail of signatures *three miles in length*, appended to it; though whether they be all really bonafide signatures there is, of course, no means of ascertaining; but there can be no doubt that the list contains the names of thousands and thousands of honest, misled men, who do not comprehend the ultimate views of the party, and who will not go along with it whenever they do comprehend them.

They have, as you well know, a "National Convention," sitting in London. The thing has really done some good in this way—it has opened the eyes of not a few. The affair is truly contemptible. Had they consisted of a set of shrewd, strong-minded men, who knew what they would be at, however rash, rough, and illiterate; they would have been entitled to some consideration and respect, but certes, such a parcel of errant quacks and pretenders—such a nest of incapables was never before congregated together. There is scarcely a man with even a spark of talent in the whole body. When they first met they were for swallowing both houses of Parliament at once. But still they met and met, and talked and talked, and threatened and threatened, and yet both houses remained unswallowed. Then they quarrelled among themselves, and called each other anything but gentlemen. The more moderate were accused of cowardice and lack of patriotism; members daily seceded, though others were as speedily elected, the convention not being particular about credentials. One little tailor, who had probably enacted "Ancient Pistol" at some minor theatre, drew a dagger from his bosom (how imposing!) and expressed an opinion (most valiant tailor!) the very reverse of Hamlet's, namely, that it was time there were "using" daggers instead of "speaking" them. Other ridiculous capers were cut in order to get the newspapers or the government to notice them, but without effect, until at last, unable to conceal their insignificance even from themselves, it was moved that they break up their sittings in London, and adjourn to Manchester, Birmingham, or some other supposed dissatisfied towns. But the joke lies in the exquisite reason assigned, viz.: that the members might be removed from the attractions of London, *and placed out of the reach of the influence of the court!* Doubtless they expected Victoria and her maids of honour lying in wait to wile them away from the strict path of duty, as it is not to be supposed that they considered any of their body accessible to bribery or corruption. It was, however, carried by a small majority, that they should wait until after their petition had been rejected by Parliament, and *then* they would go and raise the country.

And perhaps they may succeed in some of the more dissatisfied districts in stirring up a portion of the people to some "sudden flood of mutiny;" for, as I before observed, they *are* formidable for destructive purposes. The result cannot but be most melancholy to those they may mislead and their families.

With respect to foreign politics, the "Russian fever" has been got under for the present without blood-letting, though there are still lurking symptoms that the disease is rather subdued than eradicated. Russia, I believe, is the only power with whom a war would be really popular. Her conduct towards Poland is not forgotten—never can be forgotten—by those who feel as men; and the chance of her success in Turkey or India touches the fears and pride of many, and, what is more to the purpose with a commercial nation, would touch the pockets of more.

A war with the United States would be most unpopular, for there is a gradually growing feeling of respect and kindness towards America. Besides, nineteen-twentieths of the people would not know what the quarrel was about. They know no more about New-Brunswick and Maine, than they do about Chinese Tartary and Siam; and before the boundary dispute was renewed, which has, perhaps, drawn a little—though a very little—attention to the subject, I do not think five in every twenty, if unconnected with the trade in those parts, could have told, had they been asked, whether New-Brunswick belonged to the United States or otherwise.

But it is most earnestly to be hoped there will be no war. It would be a disgrace to both nations if they suffered themselves to be hurried into one by a few hotheads. The venerable Jeremy Taylor says that seven years fighting throws a country further back in virtue and civilization, than it can creep forward towards in half a century; and should two such powers as England and America come in contact, both of whom most indisputably can and will fight, and where a long series of triumphs and reverses might reasonably be expected on either side, the consequences (to say nothing of pockets) to virtue, civilization, knowledge, free institutions, and human happiness, would, indeed, be most disastrous. And for what? Two nations, who own about a quarter of the globe between them, squabbling about comparatively the whole of a handful of earth, instead of dividing it peaceably between them.

How Liberty would blush and Despotism laugh in his sleeve!

But how, you may ask, amid all the din of politics, foreign and domestic, is the little great woman Victoria employed? Doubtless, as befits her sex and age, busy enough in practising new music, dancing quadrilles, studying gown flounces, and, perhaps, occasionally, as is most natural, thinking of a husband. She is still (oh! rare good-fortune) a favourite with all parties; for even those who dislike kings and queens in the abstract, have not the heart to quarrel with an innocent, amiable, pretty young girl, who has, according to all accounts, "borne her faculties very meekly." Besides, whatever influence or despotic authority she may exercise over "the fashions" in general, and the cut of ladies dresses in particular, she is, probably, as far as law-making is concerned, as mere a cipher as the most ardent republican could desire. C.

SPIRIT OF THE PARISIAN JOURNALS.

NOVELTIES FROM THE FRENCH.

Translated for the New York Mirror.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND HIS PUPILS.

AMONG the scholars who crowded to Michael Angelo's painting-room, was a poor young man, a stranger, to whom his comrades had given the name of *il Triste*, from his melancholy temper. He never mingled in their noisy amusements, but loved to wander by the flowery banks of the Arno, listening to its murmurs or gazing on the fading glories of sunset. All that was known of him was, that he was no Florentine, but a total stranger in the city, and his means were equal to his few expenses. The common people thought him slightly deranged, because his look was sad and wild, and he would often talk long to himself. The secret of his melancholy was, however, soon discovered.

Michael Angelo had taken into his house a distant relative, an orphan girl of some seventeen years, named Vesperia. She had studied music long and successfully, and had a voice of remarkable sweetness. One day, when the great artist was entertaining at dinner a party of friends, among whom were Benvenuto Cellini, Francisco Francia, Carlo Dolce, and some of his pupils, the subject of conversation happened to be music. Michael Angelo boasted highly of his young relative's talent, and proposed to his guests to invite her to visit them and give a specimen of her skill. The proposition was received with acclamation, and he sent a servant to request the young girl to wait on him. When she entered the room, there was a profound, admiring silence. Vesperia, in her hurry to obey the orders of her relative and protector, had not had time to arrange her yellow locks, which fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders, and her usually pale cheeks were covered with a brilliant flush of excitement. Her voice trembled at first, but she now gained confidence, and sang with so much sweetness and expression, that the guests sat with their eyes fixed upon her, in utter forgetfulness of the wines of Sicily and Cyprus that shed a perfume round the table. As soon as she ceased, the company broke out into that frenzy of applause which is unknown out of Italy. Michael Angelo, who cultivated poetry as well as the sister arts, called the attention of the guests to the beauty of the verses. Francisco Francia asked for the author. The young men bent their heads forward to listen, while Vesperia, blushing still more deeply than before, whispered rather than uttered the name of Andrea. This was a thunderbolt to his pupils. They eyed each other in surprise, and one of them, a young patrician named Marino, was so vexed, as to let fall the large drinking vase he held in his hand. The vessel broke to pieces, and injured in its fall one of Benvenuto Cellini's cups of rare workmanship. This drew a reproach and an

oath from the fiery artist, which Marino dared not retaliate in the presence of his master, so that the reproach ended peaceably.

This little circumstance made Andrea's fellow-students regard him with more attention. It was plain that he loved Vesperia, and that she was not indifferent to his passion, since she sung his verses. Moreover, Marino recollected that once when he spoke to Vesperia of Andrea's strange character, she answered that there were some spirits so harmoniously sad, some voices so musically plaintive, that it was sweet to lament along with them. Be this as it may, jealousy soon made its appearance among Vesperia's suitors—more than once a duel on her account terminated their nightly revels, and once, in a fray on the banks of the Arno, one of the students was dangerously wounded. When this came to the ears of Michael Angelo, he answered, to put an end to all disputes, that he would give his relative's hand to him among his pupils whose picture should surpass the others. He gave them as a subject to paint Cecilia composing a hymn, and fixed on the next Michaelmas as the day when he would decide on the merits of their performances.

The subject was exactly suited to Andrea's genius. He resembled Raphael more than he did his teacher. His outlines wanted boldness, he did not bring out every nerve, vein and muscle; but his figures were smooth, soft and rounded. Consequently, his female figures were the best things he did, and the reason that his talent had never been discovered was, that he had always been employed on bold and severe subjects, such as the Prophets in the Sistine Chapel. He commenced his work with a beating heart, full of hope: he had within himself a female figure, and a wondrously soft and beautiful one. It would have been useless for him to draw any other; the same one always came back upon him.

As for Marino, he felt that his triumph was certain. He had no doubts of his superiority. He handled flesh with almost as much ease as his master. His men always looked like prize-fighters. For this reason, Michael Angelo had employed him in preference to his other pupils, to paint the figures of the damned in his great work of The Judgment, and his comrades tacitly yielded him the palm among them. But when he began to paint for the prize, he was greatly disappointed. His imagination was silent. His design was harsh, his colouring gray and cold, and ill-suited to the harmonious forms of the patroness of music. He tore his canvass in pieces, and began again and again, with no better success. His temper, always proud and quick, became so irritable that he lost the affection of his former friends. Cristoforo, commonly called Pescarenico, the best of the students, was sick, and could be of no assistance to him. As to the others, they were so far inferiour, that if they made an effort for the prize, it was only because there is in the mind of every artist, even the humblest, a secret vanity which tells him that his ments are not appreciated, and that they will one day come to light.

This was a period of extreme rivalry and hatred among the masters of the art. They attacked each other and their productions with equal fury, employed corrosive preparations to destroy their rival pictures, and the dagger and poison against themselves. Raphael introduced himself by stealth into the Sistine Chapel, and stole from Michael Angelo the head of the patriarch Isaac. Michael Angelo himself had forced an entrance into the Chigi palace, and painted a huge satyr's head just below Raphael's Psyche. Marino was only too ready to follow the example thus set him. Surprised at seeing joy reappear on Andrea's visage, and knowing that he spent many hours in working privately, he felt the keenest jealousy. One night, when *il Triste* was absent, he broke into his little room, and hurried to the picture; what was his astonishment, at recognizing in the face of St. Cecilia the very features and smiles of Vesperia! Unable to contain himself, he threw down the canvass and trampled it under foot, so as to make it impossible to finish it.

Meantime, the appointed time drew nigh. Marino's picture was finished. Andrea had said nothing of his misfortune, for he had no friends to sympathize with him; only his fleeting joy had disappeared, and he was gloomier than ever. On Michaelmas eve the students had a carouse, and they drank the health of their master and Vesperia so deep and so often, that they were half intoxicated the next morning when they went to the painting-room. There were standing there two pictures which the great artist had just finished, and on which the colours were still fresh. The subjects were two of the virtues, Hope and Charity. To pass the time away, while waiting for their master, and perhaps to show his wit, Marino thought proper to rally Andrea, who sat pensively in a corner. He bore his sarcasm patiently at first, but Marino, who was heated with wine, having alluded to his love for Vesperia, and how much his St. Cecilia resembled her, Andrea's blood began to boil. He drew a poniard, and leaped upon his rival like a tiger. The others threw themselves between and soon separated them, but in the scuffle the two pictures were thrown down with violence. The noise of their fall put an end to the strife. All stood, as it were, stupid, and did not even notice that Andrea was slightly wounded. After a long silence.—"We must lift up the pictures, at any rate," said Marino, affecting more indifference than he really felt. They were lifted up and the colours were found to have been completely rubbed off.

"Oh, brothers, what have we done!" cried Bartolomeo. "Look, Charity is blind, and the mouth of Hope grins like one of the damned! Oh, my friends, you have destroyed, in one instant, two years of labour, and twenty ages of glory!"

It was necessary to do something, however, for the teacher was expected every hour.

"Some one of us must retouch the pictures," was timidly suggested by Albertazzi.

"Who will dare to pass his pencil over the work of Michael Angelo!" answered Bartolomeo. "Not I, certainly."

"Nor I, nor I!" echoed around the room.

"*Corpo di Caio Mario!*" said Apostolo, "it belongs to the authors of the mischief to mend it. Let each of them take one of the pictures, and retouch it."

"Or, better yet," said Albertazzi, "let them each draw for the picture they are to take."

It was agreed that the two names should be placed in a cup, and that the first one drawn should take the *Hope*, and the other the *Charity*. The name of Andrea was the first proclaimed, and he rejoiced at his good fortune. While they were hard at work, which, by the way, was difficult for Andrea, whose arm was wounded, and whose blood sometimes ran down and mixed with his colours, the other students kept aloof; and Bartolomeo, who was kind-hearted, though careless, whispered Albertazzi—

"Andrea, the weakest of all us scholars, to tell you the truth, I have great fears——"

"Let him alone," was the answer, "he will do well enough; the subject seems to inspire him. But to give the Charity to Marino! Certainly, fortune is often blind!"

In a few minutes Marino cried out, "I am ready!"

"So am I," rejoined Andrea. "Judge between us!"

"Our master is coming!" said Apostolo. And Michael Angelo entered the painting-room.

He happened to be agitated and out of humour that morning. Perhaps he had been meditating on the shortness of life, the vastness of his art, and the empty nature of all earthly glory. Whatever the cause, he was thoughtful and moody, and spoke much to himself and incoherently, not regarding the confusion of his scholars. Gradually, he grew calmer and more collected. He began to give some lessons on his divine art, and he turned to the two pictures, as an illustration of the rules he had been laying down. No sooner had he fixed his eyes on the picture of Charity, than he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with anger:

"Furies! what woman is this! Can I be so far deceived! Curses on it! heaven has forsaken me." Then turning to the *Hope*, "Ah—ah—no, no—here there is some of the true inspiration. But as for this Charity, that looks like a hangman—confound it!"

And he drew his dagger, and cut the canvass to pieces. The whole company were silent with fear, except a few who talked in whispers in a corner. The great master noticed them, and as he saw at once that something had happened, he approached the picture a second time, viewed it closely a few minutes, and said all at once:

"What is the matter here, gentlemen; what is all this! This is not my style, these are not my tints. On your lives, tell me what has happened here!"

The silence continued.

"Am I listened to, when I speak! Can I have an answer when I ask a question?"

"Master," said Bartolomeo timidly, "in the agitation inseparable from such a festival, an accident happened, and——"

Michael Angelo reflected for some moments.

"Who retouched the picture of Hope?" he asked calmly.

"Andrea!" answered Bartolomeo.

"Andrea, come hither," said the artist.

He advanced slowly and timidly; his master clasped him in his arms.

"You are a pupil worthy of Michael Angelo," cried he; "you are the only one that understood my *Hope*."

Then, as he knew that he was ready to weep, and remembering how much he must have suffered, "Child," said he, with a tenderness unusual and strange in him, "you were a ray of light hidden behind clouds, but the clouds have passed away, and the sun of thy genius shines out brightly in the sight of heaven and earth. Ask for what you will—it is granted already."

The young man was too much agitated to answer—two big tears rolled down his cheeks. A young girl crossed the garden; he pointed to her in silence.

"Vesperia!" cried Michael Angelo, "by St. Luke! I remember now——"

He sent for his young relation, and put her hand in Andrea's; then turning to the other pupils, said coldly, "Gentlemen, this is but justice!" The next day Marino's lifeless body was found in the garden; his poniard was thrust into his heart up to the very hilt. He had rolled around the blade a paper which had also entered his breast, on which was written, "There was something here!" When the body was brought to Michael Angelo, he shrugged up his shoulders, and only said—"His hatred must have come out with the blood, for the wound is a wide one."

Revolutionary relic.—Rhode Island boasts of a musket and a sword, that are among the most interesting of our revolutionary relics. "The first blood drawn from the veins of a British officer, in that great quarrel," said Mr. Tillinghast, of Providence, in an eloquent address before a band of our surviving veterans of '76, "was drawn by a shot from a Rhode Island musket—upon our own waves, within sight from the tower of that temple where we have, this morning, heard the scenes and principles of the revolution so eloquently reviewed by the orator of the day. The owner of that musket still lives in honour amongst us, still characterized by that native resolution, which the lapse of sixty-seven years from that time has not been able to extinguish or abate. The first sword that waved in triumph upon the surmounted rampart of Yorktown, was a Rhode Island sword. The owner of that sword, as he clambered up the work, received upon his hands and arms the stabs of the bayonets that were aimed at his life; and, having gained the summit, and planted himself firmly there, he lifted his sword aloft in his bleeding hand, and called aloud to friends and foes, "Captain Stephen Olney's company forms here."

ORIGINAL LOCAL SKETCHES.

THE GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Crossing at the South ferry to Brooklyn, inquire the road to Greenwood Cemetery. It is about two and a half miles distant from the landing, and an omnibus, if we are not mistaken, runs to its very gateway. At any rate, an omnibus should run there, and the proprietors of the cemetery may avail themselves of our hint if they desire the public to become acquainted with their grounds. The cemetery is situated on the heights of Gowannis, overlooking the bay of that name; and comprises a portion of the memorable battle-field of Long Island. Cockneyism hath hitherto rejoiced in Harlem and Bloomingdale, sometimes penetrating to Kingsbridge, and the mansion which was once the head-quarters of General Washington. Cockneyism hath achieved even greater things; having once or oftener crossed the ferry to Hoboken, and compassed the ascent of Weehawken. Cockneyism must dare more, and venture more; and if it can tear itself away from the city two hours of any pleasant afternoon, let it not fail to bring up at the Greenwood Cemetery.

Boston has been with reason proud of Mount Auburn. It is a magnificent spot. Nature has done wonders for it. We fear that man is somewhat marring her faultless handiwork. But beautiful as is Mount Auburn, it must yield the palm of natural advantage to the hills of Gowannis. When we have a week's leisure, the Greenwood Cemetery shall find us a daily visiter; and we have a plan in our eye for a panoramic description that shall justify all that we now say of it.

Soon after you enter the gateway, you find yourself in a magnificent grove, and following the road which is now partially completed about the premises, you may enjoy for an hour's drive a succession of the most striking and beautiful landscapes ever presented to the eye of man. Borrowing a clue to the labyrinth, from a contemporary to whose guidance we are willing to trust ourselves, we will attempt a picturesque geography of the two hundred acres, which have been rescued from the great leveller, Speculation, to be set apart for the dominion of the greater leveller—Death!

Here you strike into a deeply-shaded dell, where the sun of midsummer never penetrates, and where all is sombre and solemn. Hence you pass into a partly open space, with a forest on one side and a cleared slope on the other just large enough to let in the sunshine, and give a pleasant change to the scenery. Now you reach a hill-side, from which, over the tops of the bending trees, you see the bay of Gowannis and the splendid waters which lie between you and the villa-sprinkled, grove-circled Staten Island. Still another turn, and you ascend a summit from which a prospect opens to you that the world can hardly parallel. At your feet are green fields and waving forests. On one side, country seats and villages, plains and hills, rich with cultivation, till the scene melts on the horizon into the blue rim of the broad Atlantic. On the other side, in striking contrast, lies New-York, with its din and bustle and show of multitudinous life! Forests of masts line it on either side, stretching up the waters of both rivers, as if girding with a naval armament the queen-city of the west, soon to wield the commercial sceptre of the world. Here we stand, on this near and still secluded summit, and watch the pulses of this great, restless, heaving heart of a nation, laid bare to the beholder. A populous city! Half a century ago, a city of small beginnings—now numbering its children by hundreds of thousands. But there is a city here at our feet, the corner-stone of whose first tenement is not yet laid, which half a century hence shall outnumber in its dwellers the proud metropolis on which we gaze.

The summit on which we stand, commanding this vast and various prospect, is to be preserved inviolate, for the erection, at some future day, of a monument to Washington. A more suitable spot could not have been selected, than that which overlooks the perpetual monument to his glory, in the living evidences of the great results which he has achieved for his country, in the achievement of her independence. Here are concentrated, in the growing opulence and power of her great metropolis, the signs and elements of a prosperity and progress that are co-extensive with the republic of which Washington was the father and founder. Here, then, in the view of all these wonderful results, let a lasting memorial be erected to his fame—that the American who leaves his native land may blend it with the last object that lingers upon his sight, and that the first beacon which tells of his return, may "remind him of the liberty and glory of his country," mingled with the glory of Washington.

Turning from this point, you again pass through a variegated landscape of plain, dell, and forest, presenting every descripton of rural scenery, water views, and more secluded patches and pathways in the green wood, with here and there buried in the thicket beautiful ponds, one of which, at least, may be called a lake—a placid sheet of water, with a rim of trees and undergrowth, so regular as to seem the work of art rather than nature—till you reach by a new circuit the gateway by which you entered.

And this is the Greenwood Cemetery! This is the magnificent spot which has been selected as a resting-place for the dead. It is to be preserved ever inviolate from desecration. The rude hand of speculation will never disturb the bones that may be laid in its green recesses, or on its sunny hill-side. Over all, consecrating all, will rise an obelisk to the memory of that mighty name, that will stand out centuries hence circled with a brighter blazon than it now wears, the one great name of a new world and a new faith!

The human heart.—The heart of a man is said to weigh about nine ounces; that of a woman eight. As age increases, a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after she is thirty.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Earl Rupert," and other Tales and Poems, by JAMES NACK, *with a memoir of the author, by* PROSPER M. WETMORE. *New-York: George Adlard; 12 mo. pp. 220.*

EVERYBODY should purchase this book. The readers of the Mirror we feel confident will do so, for Mr. Nack, although still a young man is an old favourite of theirs. He has written for these pages many years, and the present agreeable volume is compiled principally from them. Here we have "The Independent Banner of Truth," "Law Proceedings," "My Grandfather's Wig," "Walter Scott and Washington Irving," the "Recollections of the People," the "Midnight Review," and innumerable other light, graceful and *piquant* papers from the flowing pen of our esteemed and gifted correspondent; and they will be none the less acceptable in their new form than they were when first given to the public in the Mirror. Nack is indeed an extraordinary man, and we are happy to find that his biographer has done him full justice in the following beautifully written preface to the volume before us. We take the liberty of copying this entire.

MEMOIR OF JAMES NACK.

BY PROSPER M. WETMORE.

In the subject of this sketch we find verified the remark of Horace, now become almost trite, that poets are born, not made. Had not James Nack been deeply imbued by nature with

"The vision and the faculty divine;"

had he not been impelled by an irresistible love and a feeling for his art, he never could have overcome the numerous, and seemingly insurmountable difficulties, which met him at every turn in the opening of his career. It is indeed a mental phenomenon, that one deprived of the sense of hearing, should be able to appreciate correctly the qualities of language, and to hold discourse

"With all the glorious harmonies of earth."

Cut off in early youth from that familiar, genial intercourse, which sweetens the days of childhood, and smooths the path to knowledge, his sole reliance was on his own natural resources—an intellect, vigorous and clear; an imagination, vivid and far-reaching; and a resolution, that could meet and subdue the irreparable calamity of his life.

The materials for a memoir of Mr. Nack are necessarily very imperfect. In the life of one isolated from the world, struggling with manly fortitude against an adverse fate, there are few incidents that can be moulded to the purposes of biography; but the history of such a career is not without an interest which enlists the sympathy of the reader, and furnishes an instructive lesson in the philosophy of the human mind.

The remarks of Washington Irving, in reference to the poet Campbell, are so peculiarly applicable to the present case, that their introduction will not be deemed inappropriate:—"We are as ignorant respecting the biography of most living authors of celebrity, as though they had existed ages before our time; and indeed are better informed concerning the characters and lives of authors who have long since passed away, than of those who are actually adding to the stores of our literature. Few think of writing the anecdotes of a distinguished character while living. His intimates, who of course are most capable, are prevented by their very intimacy, little thinking those domestic habits and peculiarities, which an every-day acquaintance has made so trite and familiar to themselves, can be objects of curiosity to all the world besides."

James Nack was born in the city of New-York. While yet a child, the fortunes of his father, who was a merchant, suffered severely by the reverses of trade. This adversity fell heavily upon the subject of these remarks, for it deprived him of many of the advantages of education; indeed the only instruction he received at this period was from a sister, in the few moments of leisure which she could spare from domestic occupations. The native strength of his mind and his ardent longing for knowledge, triumphed over all opposing obstacles, and in his fourth year he could read with perfect facility. His powers of versification began to dawn even at this tender age, and before his ninth year, he had acquired some knowledge of rythm, and considerable command of language.

It was about this period that an accident occurred which has thrown a cloud over his whole life, and in a measure cut him out from the intimate communion of his fellow-beings. While descending a flight of stairs, with a little playmate in his arms, his foot slipped; in his fall he caught at a heavy piece of furniture which fell upon his head, crushing and mangling it so severely, that for several hours no sign of life appeared, and many weeks elapsed before consciousness returned. The tympanum of the ear being injured, his hearing was irrevocably lost, and, as a natural consequence, the faculty of speech gradually declined.

When at length his health was sufficiently restored, he was received into that noble and philanthropic establishment, the institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, where, under the kind and judicious care of the principal, he made rapid progress in the ordinary branches of education.

On retiring from the institution, he determined upon prosecuting his studies with the aid of such few books as he could obtain. The result may be given in the words of the late Samuel L. Knapp, in his "Sketches of Public Characters:"

"His acquirements at this early age, in the languages and all the branches of knowledge ordinary and extraordinary, are superiour to those of any young man of the same age I ever met with. There is a strength and maturity about his mind rarely to be found in those who have experienced no such deprivation as he has been visited with. His criticisms have a sagacity and shrewdness unequalled by those who were critics before he was born. He acquires a language with the most astonishing facility. No one I ever knew could do it with the same readiness except the late learned orientialist, George Bethune English. Nack unites, in a degree truly astonishing, those two seemingly inconsistent qualities, *restlessness* and *perseverance*. He reads and writes, and does all things as though he had just breathed the Delphic vapour, and perseveres as though he was chained to the spot by some talismanic power. He is a bunch of delicate fibres, too susceptible for composure; or rather of nerves, jarred to agony if struck by a rude hand. Poetical beings are often too sensitive when in possession of every natural property and gift. But in a situation like Nack's, the pulses of the heart seem to beat in our sight, without even the thinnest skin to hide them, open to every blast of a cold and cruel world. But in a few years our gifted author will find things changing around him; and his youthful labours will become the foundation-stones of a goodly edifice, in the fashioning of which he has learned the skill of a literary architect, and acquired the strength to raise a temple of imperishable fame for his own and his country's glory."

Until his fifteenth year, the effusions of the young poet had attracted little notice. From his retiring and solitary habits, he had formed few acquaintances, and among them none capable of appreciating his powers, or encouraging their development. It was the little poem of the *Blue-Eyed Maid*, written in his fourteenth year, that opened his career to fame. He had given a copy to a young friend, who showed it to his father, Mr. Abraham Asten, a gentleman of cultivated mind and correct taste. The favourable opinion of the poet's talents thus formed, being fully sustained by an examination of his other productions, this gentleman introduced him to several distinguished literary characters, by whose advice a volume of poems was published, selected from productions written between his fourteenth and seventeenth years. This volume was received with great favour by the public. Of one of these pieces, Colonel Knapp observes—"In his sixteenth year he wrote, with many other poems, that beautiful effort of genius, *the Minstrel Boy*. This came from his heart, and it reaches the heart of every reader. It has a deep tone of feeling, a sweetness of language and an ease of versification, that will secure its immortality."

In alluding to this volume, the New-England Magazine, a work of high character for its critical acumen, remarks:—"For precocity of talent and attainment under circumstances peculiarly unpropitious, James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet of New-York, is an intellectual wonder. As far as known, Christendom contains nothing comparable to him. All things considered, Chatterton did not equal him. He has not yet attained his twentieth year. He has known none of the advantages of a liberal education, has never had until recently free access to books, and has felt through life the unsparing hand of poverty and misfortune, and yet he has written much, and many of his productions are of a high order; all of them are marked with the rich and fervid outpourings of genius. For intensity, and all that gives to poetry its highest character, they are certainly not surpassed, we think not equalled, by any of the early productions of Lord Byron; and those juvenile offerings of the noble bard have never received the commendations they merit. It is not too much to say of this gifted young American, that when matured by time and finished by labour, some of his future efforts in song may equal the happiest of those that have immortalized the author of *Childe Harold*."

Among others whose notice was attracted by the writings of Nack, was an eminent member of the bar in this city, who employed him in his office, and gave him the use of an extensive and well selected library. "This situation," says Colonel Knapp, "opened a new world to him. He revelled in fresh delights; devoured books upon poetry, history, philosophy, fiction, mathematics, politics, ethics, criticism and theology. He wrote as well as read on all these subjects; formed a thousand theories, and tore them up root and branch for new creations."

On the departure of his employer for Europe, Nack was engaged by Mr. Asten, at that period clerk of the city and county, as an assistant in his office. From this gentleman, and his official successors, as well as from Colonel Warner, under whose able and efficient supervision the active duties of the office have been conducted for many years, he has received the strongest proofs of friendship, esteem and confidence. The dry details of legal papers, the monotonous toil of searching the musty records of the courts, however uncongenial to the poetical temperament, have no power to turn him from the path of duty. He enters thoroughly into the spirit of his various labours, and discharges them with a zeal and ability which probably few could equal, and which has secured for him not only the confidence of his employers, but the warm regard and esteem of the members of the bar. In the early part of the year 1838, Mr. Nack married an amiable young lady, to whom he had been attached almost from her childhood; and who, it is to be hoped, realizes the beautiful delineation of a wife, which will be found in this volume.

Of the contents of the present work, it may be proper to observe, that the *Romance of the Ring*, and several of the minor pieces, were written in the author's seventeenth year. The specimens of translations exhibit a remarkable facility in entering into the spirit of foreign writers, and equal skill in clothing their ideas in well-chosen language. The author's power in this respect is most conspicuous in the poem of *Leonora*, which, as a German critic has observed, "is remarkable in every point of view." Taylor, Scott, and others of less note, have attempted this singular ballad, but have effected no more than to give the reader an outline of the story, and even that unnecessarily altered. Mr. Nack has given us a translation almost literal in words, and identical in spirit. His success in conveying to an English ear the imitation of sounds which the original conveys to the German, is truly wonderful, considering his own deprivation of the faculty of hearing. In reading the night-ride, we forget that we are perusing a narrative; we seem to be ourselves upon the road; we rise and fall with the bound of the panting steed; the bridges thunder beneath us; hills, woods and vales fly past us right and left; and 'the heavens with every star' disappear in the rapidity of the flight. In the *Bell-Song*, so far as he adheres to Schiller, he walks side by side with the original; and where he departs from the German author, it is certainly not to fall behind him. The battle-piece, of which there is no trace in Schiller, may rank with the finest passages in the poem."

Mr. Nack has long had it in contemplation to undertake a free translation of *Goethe's Faust*; and after reading the preceding remarks of a competent judge, upon a kindred work of our author, we are induced to hope that the opportunity may yet present itself for the accomplishment of his object, than which none could be found more worthy of his intellectual power and poetic genius. To read and appreciate justly the glorious creations of the German poet, is a privilege accorded to few English students; but to ascend with him in the high heaven of invention, when his "garland and singing robes" are about him, and bring thence the rapt minstrelsy of the mighty bard, is a consummation of poetical dignity and renown, that may well excite the ambition of one emulous of a name which the world would not willingly let die.

The productions of Nack were noticed in a spirit of enlightened criticism in one of the earliest numbers of the *Critic*, a periodical published in this city about ten years since, and edited with signal ability and independence by one who, while the pen is tracing these lines, has gone to a premature grave. In that notice, Mr. Legget thus eloquently alludes to the subject of these remarks:—"One of the distinguishing characteristics of Nack's poetry is the smoothness of its versification; and we cannot but look upon it as a matter of surprise that he, over whose head the crashing thunder rolls unheard, and who is looking up in perpetual silence, as unbroken as that of death, should yet be able to give to thought such euphonious language, and arrange it with such invariable regard to rythm. "Another circumstance that we were not prepared to find in the poetry of our young minstrel, is that a large portion of his illustrations are drawn—and, in many respects, with singular aptness and propriety—from sources which we should suppose totally inaccessible to him. The breeze *whispers*, the foliage *rustles*, the streams *murmur* and *gurgle*, and the birds *carol* "their native wood-notes wild," in his stanzas, blending their various sounds into the same delicious harmony, which, in nature, so often creates delight in the breast of those who have ears to hear."

The variety indicated in the contents of the present volume, exhibits a versatility of talents in our author, which would appear still more extraordinary if a list were given of his unpublished writings and anonymous contributions to various periodicals. Among his manuscripts are moral and religious essays, novels, dramatic pieces, and poems upon a variety of subjects, none of which he considers worthy of publication, but upon which others might place a very different estimate. He has now reached the period of manhood; and his maturer efforts, the productions of the little leisure allowed by the active duties of his station, afford abundant evidence of intellectual culture, and fully sustain the brilliant promises of his youth. The copiousness of diction, the general precision of language, as well as correctness of rythm and rhyme, are indeed remarkable in one who was deprived, at so early a period of life, of the principal avenue by which to arrive at a correct knowledge of the meaning and melody of words.

Mr. Nack's habits are regular and retired. The domestic attractions of home have a greater charm for him than the allurements of the world. The amusements and excitements of society can rarely win him from his books or desk. He is averse to mixed company, reserved in the presence of strangers, but familiar and playful in the circle of his select friends; of strong passions, quick to resent, but quicker to forgive; prone to act upon the impulse of the moment; of a disposition gentle, generous, and sincere. He is fond of children, and successful in engaging their affections. With such qualities of mind and heart, it is not surprising that he secures the warm regard of those who have the happiness of his acquaintance, nor that he is most esteemed by those who know him best.

General Wetmore has left us nothing to add, except we repeat the hope that everybody will buy the book. Those who travel by railroads and steamboats, (and who does not at this season of the year?) could not have a more pleasant companion. It will dispel the *blues*, annihilate time and distance, and help to render a jaunt *down* into the country, at the present time, one of the most agreeable things in the world. Try it.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

"TELL me, gentle trav'ller, thou
Who hast wander'd far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide—
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"
"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
'Tis where those we love abide—
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath press'd.
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place:
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;
And thou couldst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

TRUE LOVE.—A rich citizen's daughter of Paris, who was married against her will, took the matter so much to heart that she died. Her disappointed lover bribed the sexton to admit him to her tomb, carried away her body, and, by the use of certain restoratives, succeeded in recalling her to life. The happy pair retired to England, whence they returned, some years afterwards, to Paris. The lady was recognized by her original husband, who, upon this, asserted his right to her property and person; and thereupon, (says Dr. Lessing) arose the oddest legal process imaginable: the first husband claiming the lady as his, and the second maintaining that death had dissevered any tie that his rival might have had over her, and that, since he had been the means of bringing her back to life, his she ought to be. The first husband seems to have had the best of it with the lawyers; so the lovers took fright, and retreated once more to England, leaving the nice question of right still undecided. "The steps of this singular process," says Dr. Lessing, "may still be found in the Parliamentary Register." We know, more certainly, that the story is, with some differences, in Boccaccio; that Turberville has it in his Tragical Tales published in 1587; and that one of our early dramatists has used the incident with great beauty, in a play published in 1602, entitled, "How to know a Good Wife from a Bad."

ANECDOTE OF AN ARTIST.—It was a usual custom with the English painters at Rome, to meet in the evenings for conversation, and frequently to make little excursions together in the country. On one of those occasions, on a summer afternoon, when the season was particularly hot, the whole company threw off their coats, as being an encumbrance to them, except poor Astley, who alone showed great reluctance to take off his. This seemed very unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes made on his singularity at last obliged him to take off his coat also. The mystery was then immediately explained; for it appeared that the hinder part of his waistcoat was made, by way of thriftiness, out of one of his own pictures, and thus displayed a tremendous waterfall on his back, to the great diversion of all the spectators.

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.—The maintenance of military fidelity and discipline seems to the present emperour of Russia an object for which all human ties may well be sacrificed. In March, 1837, a woman named Maria Nikoforocona, the widow of a peasant, received a letter from her son Novik, a soldier in the stationary battalion of Tambow. In this letter the son stated that the barbarous treatment which he and others endured at the hands of the regimental officers, had driven him to the resolution of deserting from a service into which he had been forced at the first, and that, in a few days after the date of his communication, he hoped to see and embrace his mother. The first thing done by the mother on receipt of this letter was to carry it to the governour of the province, who, astonished at the unnatural character of the action, sent the woman away without taking any steps in consequence of her disclosure. Some days later, the deserter arrived at the dwelling of his mother, who received him with open arms, and loaded him with caresses. But she took an opportunity immediately afterwards to go to the police-officers, to whom she delivered up the child to whom she had given birth, and whom she had nursed at her breasts. Compelled by his duty, the governour addressed a detailed report of the case to the emperour. Nicholas viewed the matter differently from the governour. The autocrat issued an *ukase*, decreeing a silver medal to Maria Nikoforocona, with those words engraved on it, "Devotion to the Throne." This medal was to be suspended from her neck by the riband of the Order of St. Ann, and the woman was further secured, for the rest of her life, against the chances of want. It was moreover decreed that the circumstances of the case should be published in all the journals of the empire, that its subjects might imitate this example of fidelity and devotion to the throne. The young soldier, in accordance with the military regulations of Russia, was subjected to the knout, and *died under the blows*. The unnatural parent wears the decoration assigned to her, with as much pride as if she had won it by the most virtuous action.

AN HONEST CURATE.—An old and rich clergyman, who had long been the incumbent of a valuable rectory in the vale of Evesham, in Worcestershire, dying, most of his household furniture was sold by auction. The curate, who had performed the whole duty of the living for a salary that was very inadequate to the maintenance of his family, purchased an old oaken bookcase. When he had got it home, and was tenanting, with loose scraps of paper and old sermons, those drawers which had formerly been the depository of accumulating wealth, he found a drawer which he could not return to its place; in ascertaining the cause, he discovered two bags of gold, of two hundred guineas each. Such a sum would have made the curate happy for life; for it would have purchased an annuity of double the amount of his salary; but the good man considered it not his own, and instantly went back to the parsonage, and returned it to the administrators, who were contented with expressing their surprise at so great and unexpected a proof of integrity.

A FAITHFUL WIFE.—An emperour of Japan had secretly put to death a meritorious officer, who had a very fine wife. Some days afterwards, the prince visited the lady, and wished to compel her to live in the palace. "I ought to rejoice and esteem myself happy," said she, "that you have judged me worthy of your friendship. I receive this favour as I ought; but I venture to take the liberty of asking an interval of thirty days, to mourn the death of my husband. Permit me this; and after the delay, I shall be able to assemble his parents, and to feast them in one of the towers of your castle." The emperour acceded to her prayers. The day of the feast arrived, and it was given with the greatest sumptuousness. The emperour drank to excess. The lady profited by the moment; and saying she would take the air on one of the balconies of the tower, she, rather than dishonour the memory of her husband, precipitated herself from the top to the bottom.

COUNTRY EXCURSIONS.—There is much truth and good sense in the following extract from Curtis on good Health:—"A short trip into the country, even for a single day, is exceedingly beneficial, by diverting the mind from the ordinary objects of contemplation, and removing from it, for a time, that load of anxious cares which, if suffered too long to remain, destroys its elasticity. At least once a year, a jaunt of a week or two should, if possible, be taken by every one: the communications by land and water to every part of the country, are now so abundant and economical, that there are few, indeed, who could not afford it if they wished; in the end, such expenditure would, probably, be the means of saving a larger sum, by improving the health, and enabling men to engage in the various occupations of life with greater energy."

A LIFE-PRESERVER ALWAYS AT HAND.—In many cases of apparent danger upon the water, safety appears attainable by the proper use of a man's hat and pocket-handkerchief, which, being all the apparatus necessary, is to be used thus: spread the handkerchief on the ground or deck, and place a hat, with the brim downwards, on the middle of it; then tie the handkerchief round the hat, like a bundle, keeping the knots as near the centre of the crown as possible. Now, by seizing the knots in one hand, and keeping the opening of the hat upwards, a person, without knowing how to swim, may fearlessly plunge into the water.

A POLITE QUAKER.—Speaking of the personal appearance of the queen the other day, to a respectable gentleman of Shields, who belongs to a denomination of christians which prefers the beauty of utility and kindness to that of ceremony, we obtained the following anecdote:—"Well, I'll tell thee what," said our worthy friend, "I happened to be in London when her majesty went to the Mansion-house banquet, and I was so struck with the chaste and beautiful demeanour, and innocent, yet dignified look of her majesty, that I incautiously lifted my hand to my hat to pull it off."

NOT THE WORST.—"Will you take a pear, sir?" said a lady as she presented a couple of luscious specimens, made doubly tempting by the whiteness of the hand in which they reposed; "Sir, will you accept a pear?" "Not for the world, miss," replied the happy fellow whom she had chosen to honour. "And why not, sir?" "Because if I take the *pear*, fair lady, I shall leave you none." He, however, took one as he spoke, lest the pun should literally cost him the *pear*.

QUALITIES FOR A WIFE.—A bachelor says that *all* he should ask for in a wife would be, a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners—*money!* The unreasonable rascal!

CÆSAR.—When Cæsar was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not to walk among the people without arms or any one to defend him, he always replied to the admonitions, "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures; I will die but once."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Letters from the Springs," *contain allusions of too personal a nature to find a place in these columns. We have returned them to the writer, as requested, through the post-office.*

"Thespis" *is wrong. The complimentary benefit to Augusta was abandoned in consequence of the heat of the weather—the absence from town of many of her admirers; and because several of her friends thought five hundred dollars for the use of the Park Theatre too much, at this season of the year.*

We sympathize with "One in Pursuit of Fame," *but we cannot publish his lines on that account. We generally pay for such original papers as appear in the Mirror, and have never received a fraction for publishing anything, in the whole course of our lives. We are not so lucky. It is an insult to make such a proposition to us as that contained in the communication now on our table.*

Our "Friend and Neighbour," *is informed that Tootburn has recently imported an infinite variety of singing-birds, and that John-street is vocal with them at the present moment.*

We agree with "Logan." *Catlin is a wag, and his hat-bill is a curiosity. A sober, hardy, well-fed, comfortably-clad chief is represented unrobing a buffalo-skin, containing these words: "there are three hundred of us—naked, half-starved, drunken, miserable wretches, to be seen at the Stuyvesant Institute."*

A correspondent prophecies that "the first steam-packet built in this country, will either cross the Atlantic in ten days or be blown up!" Fudge! Another writer on "steam-packets" thinks the fare now charged by the "Transatlantic steam company" enormous.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1839.

Saratoga Springs.—We have spoken in past weeks of Nahant and Newport, but still the Springs of Saratoga continue quite as various in their attractions as any sea-shore on the coast. Their waters appear to be adapted to every variety of complaint. Invalids in search of health, maidens in search of husbands, widows disconsolate, young men inclined to matrimony, politicians looking after votes or characters, all congregate at Saratoga, and appear to be all equally benefited by the healing influences of its waters. During the present year there has been much company at Saratoga. Young ladies who protest that they *are* heiresses, and that their diamonds alone are worth a fortune; and young gentlemen who make oath that they are a fortune in themselves; these constitute the most numerous and interesting class. All have an object in view at Saratoga, and drinking the waters is with most of them quite secondary. This is all as it should be. What mutual interest could be felt by a multitude of people who had come together to drink water! The idea is preposterous. Then some fascinating young men frequent there with the view of picking pockets. Small the number, we may hope, but by no means insignificant. It would behove, therefore, the stranger, to "pocket his watch and watch his pocket too." Once more, there are politicians loitering here; gentlemen, whose talk is of votes and voters; who are learned on town and country elections, and who will tell you precisely how it happened that Colonel Spriggins was defeated, when he ran for the legislature, in the town of Sprigginsville, in whatever state you please, in the year 1824. Learned men are there, for they have the whole matter at their fingers' ends. Then this one will tell you that the world will come to an end, unless the administration is defeated; and another that the country is lost, unless the administration is sustained. It is no part of our business to reconcile these wide differences of opinion. Of the houses at Saratoga we believe that all are equally good. The United States has been, perhaps, more crowded than any other. Colonel Stone says that its chief cook receives five hundred dollars a month, and little enough it is for a master artist. A member of the Cabinet receives nearly as much, and a dozen men would make excellent secretaries, where one would prove himself an unexceptionable cook. Congress Hall has been less thronged, and on that account the more agreeable. Among the distinguished individuals who have been here during the summer, are Mr. William Sullivan, of Boston, and Mr. Luther Bradish, of this state. We mention them not as politicians, but as two of the most accomplished and courteous gentlemen of the country. Though an elegant widower, we are sure that Mr. Bradish will pardon us for saying that his friend and himself are among the most favourable specimens of the gentlemen of the old school, yet to be found in the country. The innovating and absorbing spirit of trade, we mean exclusive devotion to it, has made gentlemen of the first order rare. Among the guests at the United States we noticed Governour Seward, who won golden opinions by his affability, simplicity and uniform propriety of address and conversation. The evening that we saw him, he was devoted to Madam Dewit Clinton, who appeared to be gratified by his assiduous attentions. Not altogether engrossed even by this interesting companionship, the governour found time for a little incidental flirtation with some of the prettiest ladies in the room, whose arm he claimed for a promenade. Life at the Springs is a strange succession of agreeable nothings, to which we become more attached than can be well imagined at the outset. Early rising and water-quaffing are queer matters of themselves to most of us, and yet we soon become reconciled to this new state of being. Then the breakfast, an affair of ten minutes, and the lounge afterwards for the romantic, and the cigar for the incorrigible, and the drive, and the promenade, and the book in a private parlour, and the dinner, too, speedily despatched, and the light nap, and the walk again, and the evening hop, and the love-making, and the chit-chat, and the abuse of our neighbours, and the speculations on new-comers, and the tittle-tattle about the heiresses, and the decided attachments, and the announced engagements—all these various incidents and accidents of the day make it pass off pleasantly enough, even for those who are not readily pleased. Surely, life at the Springs is not unpleasant! About the time that our number appears, or in all the next week, there will be an unusual gathering. It is said that Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Rives, will be together at the Springs—the "observed of all observers!" Then for caballing and intrigue! Is it possible that they will bring all the ladies into the canvass? Beyond a doubt. They will all take sides. Ladies are naturally partizans. The beauty who offered her cheek to purchase a Fox vote is not the only one in history who has distinguished herself by a talent for electioneering. But with all this, we have nothing to do. We will only say to gentlemen and ladies of all parties, that if they desire to see something a little beyond an ordinary turn-out at Saratoga, now is the time!

National Music.—We said, in a late number of the Mirror, that "whoever should collect and imbody the stray airs of America, would deserve well of the country." We ought to have added, that Mr. Charles E. Horn had commenced this task, and that he had published the first part of the "National Melodies of America," comprising the following well-known pieces—"Near the lake where droop'd the willow;" "Through the streets of New-York city;" "Droop not, brothers;" "Where the ivy-vine is creeping;" "The moon and all her starry train;" and, "When Love in myrtle shades reposed." This number, beautifully printed, may be had at the music-store of Davis and Horn, No. 367 Broadway.

Niblo's Garden.—Niblo is meeting his reward for indefatigable industry and unwearied exertions. His garden is the most attractive and pleasant resort imaginable. The entertainments are sprightly, and just the things for the season. No sooner does one novelty decline than—presto—another takes its place. The extensive saloon, gravel walks and promenades, are nightly thronged with belles and beaux, men of leisure and men of business, merry wits and fashionable *litteratures*—a specie of loungers that have recently "obtained to a great extent in this community"—heaven knows why!—and every variety of person worth meeting and seeing. Niblo has the happy faculty of luring, not only the *elite* of the city, but those from distant climes, to his summer bowers. Well, we cease to wonder at this when we witness the attention that is paid to the convenience, comfort and hilarity of all who visit these fairy haunts of exotics, grottos, fountains and cooling nooks. Success to Niblo, who has been pronounced, by a distinguished foreign book-maker, "the very *Napoleon* of the times in arranging the amusements of the public."

"The Last Arrow."—The July number of the "MONUMENT," an agreeable monthly magazine, published at Baltimore, contains a copy of ADAMS's beautiful engraving, and HOFFMAN's graphic sketch, entitled, "*The Last Arrow*," without the slightest acknowledgment as to the source from whence they were derived; and the newspapers, far and near, we perceive, are copying the tale, and giving credit to the "Monument" for the same. Now, we don't mind trifles; but really, as Placide says in the farce, this is "cutting it a little too fat." The engraving cost us a large sum of money, the letter-press was liberally paid for, and our contemporary should not have neglected to give the New-York Mirror credit for both. Our literary friends are entirely welcome to copy whatever they please from these pages; but surely an *original* engraving and an *original* sketch, if worthy the honour of being transferred to another work, are worth the courtesy of a simple acknowledgment.

"Another, and yet another."—A new drama, from the burning mind of Knowles, is announced by the directors of Covent-Garden Theatre, as forthcoming. The plot was read in the green-room a few weeks ago, when the author received one hundred guineas in part payment for his production. A new play, of equal merit with the Hunchback—which we have always regarded as a literary volcano—would, at this time, if properly produced, make the fortune of any manager in Christendom; but, *such* a composition is scarcely to be expected, even from Knowles himself; and, should his glowing fancy create another Julia for the stage, where are we to find another Fanny Kemble to sustain the *role?* Mrs. Shaw might "*do it*" here, and Miss Ellen Tree might "*do it*" there; but neither would render it with the impassioned freshness and beauty so conspicuous in the original Julia.

Charles E. Horn.—About twenty years ago, this eminent composer befriended a poor, but singularly-gifted boy, and put him on the road to fortune. At that period Balfe became his pupil in composition and singing. The other day Horn received, from a wealthy merchant residing in Canada, a splendid gold watch, the gift of his former *protegé*; and we perceive that Balfe's last new opera, "Falstaff," is inscribed to his "esteemed master, C. E. Horn." It is gratifying to record such instances of kind remembrance and friendship. The truth is, Horn is no common man, and, once known, never *can* be forgotten.

Our harbour.—There is no more delightful mode of passing an evening than in a sail-boat, on our magnificent bay. Steaming is well enough when you are in a hurry; but, with leisure, and a placid moonlight, and a gentle breeze, commend us to one of the white-winged craft, that knows no other movement than that of the wind and tide.

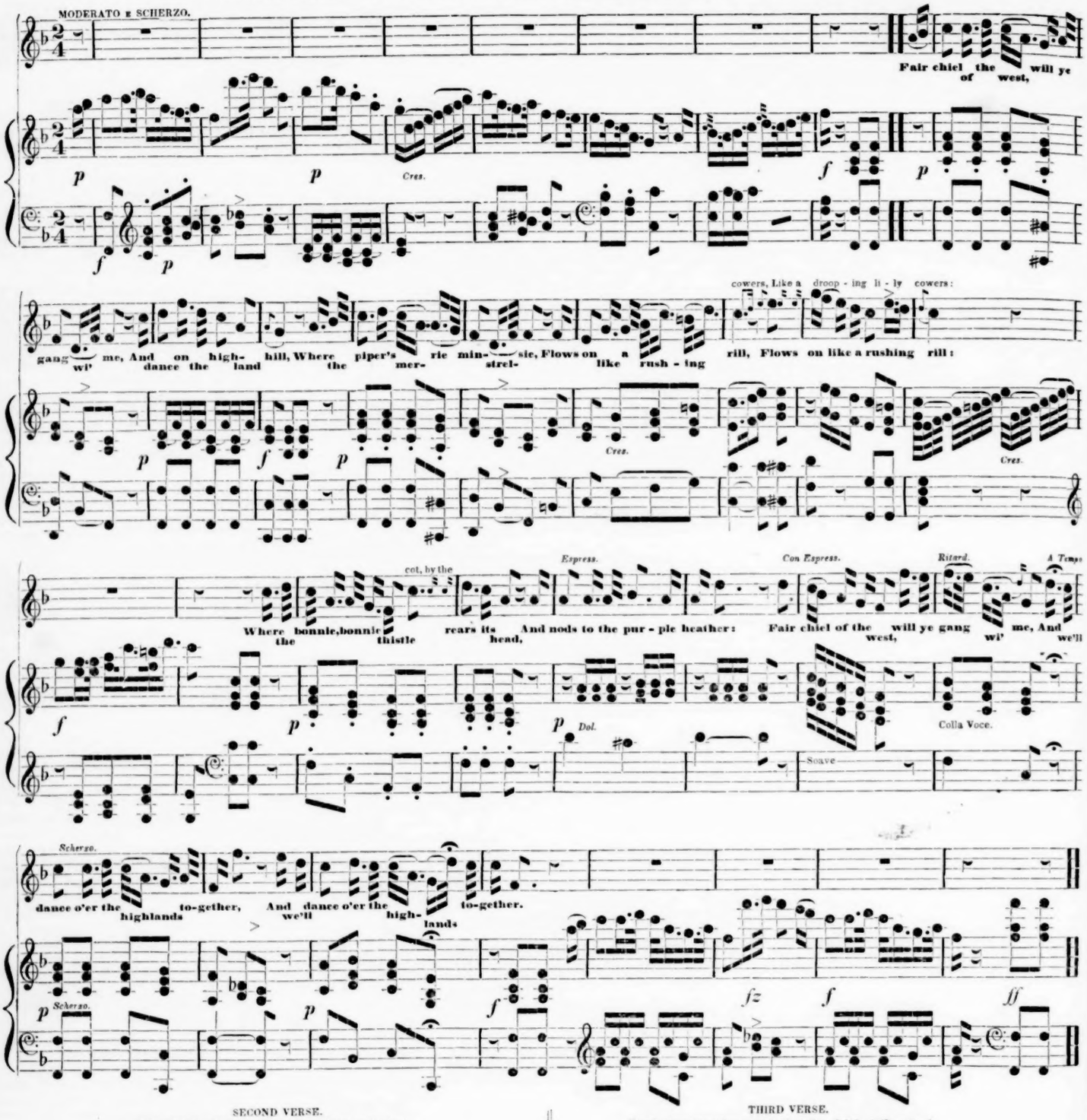
Doughty.—This fine artist is passing the summer at Fishkill, to enlarge the circle of his studies from nature, and to replenish his portfolio with local views, which he will at his leisure transfer to canvass.

Brother Jonathan.—This enormous weekly sheet looks well, reads well; and, what is better, sells well. It is edited with ability, by Griswold and Company; and is the cheapest of all imaginable publications. We wish it every success.

"Some love to roam."—Henry Russell has returned from Niagara Falls, where he has been delighting everybody with his musical powers.

CHILD OF THE WEST.

A HIGHLAND BALLAD—WRITTEN BY F. W. N. BAYLEY—THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY G. A. HODSON.



SECOND VERSE.

Fair chiel, gin the snaw fa' white and fast,
When the winter tempest lowers,
And my winsome girl to the northern blast
Like a drooping lily cowers:
I've a canny cot, by the blue hill side,
Love flies there in stormy weather;
And gin ye will tak' it and be my bride—
We'll live in the highlands together.

THIRD VERSE.

Look awa' to the north, lovely chiel o' the west,
And see where the white mist gathers—
Like the spirit of song, in its shadowy vest,
When it hung o'er the harps of my fathers:
When auld winter is gone, o'er the hills will fling
The dew that still freshens the heather:
Then we'll gang out, loved lassie, to meet the fair spring,
And we'll dance o'er the highlands together.

MISCELLANY.

ALL RIGHT.—Dr. B——, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with "May I pass to my seat, O giant!" when the doctor politely making way, replied, "Pass, O pigmy!" "Oh, sir," said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

CHANGE DEPRECATED.—It is in politics as in horses; when a man has a beast that's near about up to the notch, he'd better not swap him; if he does, he's even almost sure to get one not so good as his own. My rule is, *I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.*

EITHER WAY WILL DO.—"Wilt have me, Sarah!" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," said the girl, "but you may have me if you will."

WOMAN.—There's a purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a "*better half*" *to man.*

A RETORT.—At a cause tried at the Queen's Bench Bar, a witness was produced who had a very red nose; and one of the counsel, being desirous of putting him out of countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, "Well, let's hear what you have to say with your copper nose." "Why, sir, (said he,) by the oath I have taken, I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face."

THE RULING PASSION.—A gambler, on his death-bed, having seriously taken leave of his physician, who told him that he could not live beyond eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small strength he had left to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with difficulty, for he could hardly exceed a whisper—"Doctor," said he, "I'll bet you five guineas I live till nine."

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A beggar some time ago applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Anti-begging Society. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he, "go, we canna gie ye nathing." "You might at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of arch dignity, "have refused me grammatically."

THE REASON WHY.—A youth asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys: "Why, mother, didn't you and my father use to go to balls when you were young?" "Yes, but we have seen the folly of it." "Well, mother," exclaimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it too."

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father the other day to his delinquent son, "I am busy now—but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a confounded flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the patient lad; "I can wait."

LITERATURE.—Sir Walter Scott, in conversing with a young man who was about to embark upon the perilous voyage of letters, in search of fortune and fame, made to him this pithy remark—it contains a volume: "Literature, my young friend, is a good staff, but a bad crutch."

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